

Good Morning 345

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

"H.M.S." KEITH AND RODNEY FOR S/T RAYMOND KINSMAN



"H.M.S." Keith and "H.M.S." Rodney, here, photographed in the garden at 65, West-avenue, Rudheath, Northwich, Cheshire.

Those are the names given to these nephews of S.T. Raymond Kinsman. Keith, nearly four years of age, is the senior partner. Rodney is only two.

Good Hunting, Raymond!

When their names were chosen nobody was thinking of ships or admirals," their mother, Mrs. Beatrice Kinsman, told us. "Raymond adds the H.M.S. part when he writes to them.

That's Keith at the back of the barrow taking Rodney for a ride. The others of the family were much too busy to be photographed, Raymond. We called during a rush period.

Father, Mr. William Kinsman was rushing around the district fixing up all sorts of arrangements for his second marriage. He will not be a widower any longer by the time you read this, but they all wish that you could have been there for the occasion. Especially for the party at St. John's Hall after the wedding, which took place at Witton Parish Church.

Uncle Norman Kinsman man-

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

SHORT ODD—BUT TRUE

England is said to owe its early eminence as a manufacturing nation to the Flemings, the people of Flanders, who came to this country in the 16th and 17th centuries. They excelled in the textile arts.

The white gloves presented to justices when there is a maiden session are a survival of the legal custom of giving glove-money to clerks of assize and judges' attendants by a County Sheriff when no offenders were left for execution.

A Pope — Nicholas V — founded Glasgow University in 1451. It had a new charter granted to it by James VI of Scotland more than a century later.

The steam hammer, often weighing as much as 100 tons, is so accurately gauged that it will crack the glass of a watch without actually breaking it.

The banking quarter of Lombard Street in London gets its name from some Italian merchants who settled in England in the 13th century and first became prominent as money-lenders and later as bankers.

The object of the military expeditions known as Crusades was to wrest the holy Christian city of Jerusalem from the Mohammedans. Peter the Hermit started the agitation, and from 1095 to 1271 there were eight Crusades in all. Millions of lives and enormous sums of money were sacrificed in these enterprises, and when all was done Jerusalem remained in the hands of the infidels.

Football in a crude form was popular in England in the Middle Ages.

J. S. Newcombe

HE TRIPPED OVER GLASS OF BITTER!

★ ★



A contemporary print of Jack Sheppard having his portrait painted in gaol

On one occasion he robbed a Mayfair mansion of plate, gold rings, four suits of clothes and a sum of money—all for Bess.

Then he parted company from her; but, hearing that she had been arrested and taken to the Round House, in St. Giles, he broke into the prison, thrashed the keeper, and set his paramour at liberty. This gave him a "reputation" among the dames of Drury Lane.

He broke into a shop in Clare Market and stole about £50 worth of clothing. For this he was arrested, but the first night there he broke out, and within a few hours committed another robbery.

His brother Thomas was caught in a similar robbery, convicted and transported; but Jack kept going, and committed a number of burglaries in company with the notorious Joe Blake, otherwise Blueskin, the highwayman.

One Sunday the two stopped a coach on Hampstead Road. The only occupant was a lady's maid, and all the money she had was half-a-crown. The next day they stopped another coach and got twenty shillings from a passenger.

That brought Townsend, of the Bow Street Runners, on the trail. He knew everybody in the upper and lower world of London. He knew every trick and twist of thieves and footpads. His first act was to arrest Edgeworth Bess in a boozing den near the Temple. That scared her, and she told where Sheppard was to be found.

Next day, Runners entered the house of Blueskin's mother in Rosemary Lane; and there was Jack, very surprised. But he whipped out a pistol and clapped it to the chest of the officer who arrested him. The weapon missed fire, and Sheppard was taken to the New Prison.

There he confessed to three highway robberies and several cases of housebreaking. He was committed to Newgate. He was found guilty and sentenced to death. He pleaded for transportation, but the Court did not listen to his plea.

He was sent to the condemned cell, where nine others were awaiting hanging. Now, at that time the King was at Windsor, and some days must elapse before the Royal signature to the executions could be procured. The delay was of value to Jack.

Edgeworth Bess frequently visited him, and in food she brought him he found tools. But the King's signature arrived, and some of them were actually being "turned off" when Sheppard, working hard,

By
STUART MARTIN

The door led him into a passage to the chapel; then another door faced him. Again he picked a stone from the wall, thrust his arm through and unbolted the door.

Now he was in the chapel, the door of which was bolted and locked and fringed with iron spikes. He got through that one, only to find another door. He unlocked it. All with his iron bar. But he had a third door to encounter. He wrenched this one from its hinges, and then found he was on the leads, some distance from the ground.

He might have hurt himself with jumping. So he actually went all the way back to his cell and took a blanket, fixed it on a spike, and slid down. He was free. A neighbouring clock was striking nine. What he had done was regarded as superhuman. He still had his leg irons on. He was dead tired; his hands were blistered. He must sleep. He broke into a house and climbed to the garret and laid down.

A few hours later he heard sounds below. A maid was giving a light to a visitor who was leaving the house. Sheppard, peering down from his open garret door, saw the maid close the door. When she had gone to her room Sheppard stumbled down the stairs, opened the door, and stepped out. A clock chimed midnight.

He marched along the street, turned down Gray's Inn Lane, then away to Tottenham Court Road, and so to a shed in a cowhouse. He slept again while rain pelted down.

At seven o'clock next morning he peered out and saw a Bow Street Runner not far off. He crept back. All that day and the next night Sheppard lay there, his legs swollen with the irons, pain racking him.

Church bells were ringing for early worship. Sheppard saw a man coming up the path and hailed him. "I'll give you twenty shillings," he said, "if you get me a smith's hammer and a punch." He told a tale to the man which aroused sympathy. He got the hammer and punch and freed himself.

He went to a shop and purchased some bread and cheese, then at night made himself look like a beggar by tearing his clothes and tying a handkerchief around his head. From that time his case was desperate. The Runners were still looking for him. He found refuge in a house of ill-fame, then in a cellar. He broke into a pawnbroker's shop for clothes, and stole some rings and a gold watch.

Arrayed in finery, he went to a tavern in Clare Market with two women. They had the best of food, but he would not drink. The company was good. "I must not forget to remain sober," he said several times.

Then he had a glass of beer, and another, then brandy, then gin. And an alehouse boy told the Watch that he was there. They found him helplessly drunk. He was taken to Newgate unconscious, and woke up there. His first words were, "I forgot."

He was hanged, after bravado on the scaffold. Even at the last he intended to escape by throwing himself among the crowd. He struggled much after he was "turned off."

His body was cut down and given to friends, who buried him in the yard of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. His bones may still be there.

"Death to Traitors"

THE BLACK TULIP

By Alexandre Dumas—Part 8

"COME along, gentlemen," said the girl, who now led the brothers through an inner lobby to the back of the prison. Guided by her, they descended a staircase of about a dozen steps, traversed a small courtyard, which was surrounded by castellated walls, and, the arched door having been opened for them by Rosa, they emerged into a lonely street, where their carriage was ready to receive them.

"Quick, quick, my masters, do you hear them?" cried the coachman in a deadly fright.

Yet, after having made Cornelius get into the carriage first, the Grand Pensionary turned round towards the girl, to whom he said:

"Good-bye, my child; words could never express our gratitude. God will reward you for having saved the lives of two men."

Rosa took the hand which John De Witte proffered to her, and kissed it with every show of respect.

"Go—for heaven's sake, go," she said; "it seems they are going to force the gate."

John De Witte hastily got in, sat himself down by the side of his brother, and, fastening the apron of the carriage, called out to the coachman:

"To the Tol-Hek!"

USELESS EUSTACE



"You're welcome! Any questions answered. Good-bye. That was the Brains Trust, Fred!"

The Tol-Hek was the iron gate leading to the harbour of Schevening, in which a small vessel was waiting for the two brothers.

The carriage drove off with the fugitives at the full speed of a pair of spirited Flemish horses. Rosa followed them with her eyes, until they turned the corner of the street, upon which, closing the door after her, she went back and threw the key into a well.

The noise which had made Rosa suppose that the people were forcing the prison door was indeed owing to the mob battering against it after the square had been left by the military.

Solid as the gate was, and although Gryphus, to do him justice, stoutly refused to open it, yet it could not evidently resist much longer, and the jailer, growing very pale, put to himself the question whether it would not be better to open the door than to allow it to be forced, when he felt someone gently pulling his coat. He turned round and saw Rosa.

"Do you hear these madmen?" he said.

"I hear them so well, my father, that in your place—"

"You would open the door?"

"No, I should allow it to be forced."

"But they will kill me!"

"Yes, if they see you."

"How shall they not see me?"

"Hide yourself."

"Where?"

"In the secret dungeon."

"But you, my child?"

"I shall get into it with you. We shall lock the door, and

"How is that? Gone?" asked those of the mob who had not been able to get into the prison, crowded as it was with the mass of intruders.

"Gone, gone," repeated the man in a rage; "the bird has flown."

"What does this man say?" asked His Highness, growing quite pale.

"Oh, Monseigneur, he says a thing which would be very fortunate if it should turn out true!"

"Certainly it would be fortunate if it were true," said the young man; "unfortunately it cannot be true."

"However, look—" said the officer.

And, indeed, some more faces, furious and contorted with rage, showed themselves at the windows, crying:

"Escaped, gone, they have helped them off!"

And the people in the street repeated with fearful imprecations:

"Escaped! Gone! Let us run after them and pursue them!"

"Monseigneur, it seems that

Myneher Cornelius has really escaped," said the officer.

"Yes, from prison, perhaps, but not from the town; you will see, Van Deken, that the poor fellow will find the

gate closed against him, which he hoped to find open."

"Has an order been given to close the town-gates, Monseigneur?"

"No, at least I do not think so. Who could have given such an order?"

"Indeed, but what makes

Your Highness suppose—?"

"There are fatalities," Monseigneur replied, in an off-hand manner, "and the greatest men have sometimes fallen victims to such fatalities."

At these words the officer felt his blood run cold, as somehow or other he was convinced that the prisoner was lost.

At this moment the roar of the multitude broke forth like thunder, for it was now quite certain that Cornelius De Witte was no longer in the prison.

Cornelius and John, after driving along the pond, had taken the large street which leads to the Tol-Hek, giving directions to the coachman to slacken his pace, in order not to excite any suspicion.

But when, on having proceeded halfway down that street, the man felt that he had left the prison and death behind, and before him there was life and liberty, he neglected every precaution and

helped them off!"

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ROUND THE WORLD

with our Roving Cameraman



STITCH, STITCH, STITCH!

From morning until night . . . stitch, stitch, stitch . . . just like Hood's song of the seamstress, only these are craftsmen of Cairo making wall hangings in the Tent Makers' Bazaar. They take their designs from the ancient tombs of the Pharaohs and keep alive the mysteries of Isis and Osiris in cloth. And fine work they make of it, too.

JANE



CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS

1 Item of wear.

4 Give title.

5 Shy.

7 Pungent

oxygen.

11 Burning.

13 Learner.

14 Ship's crane.

15 Head-strong.

17 Stamp.

18 Head-gear.

19 Antelope.

22 Paring.

23 Artist's tablet.

26 Request.

28 Stick.

29 Wet weather.

31 Rot.

33 Slang.

35 Silly.

36 Artless.

37 Comrade.

38 Soft lump.

39 The Caspian.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9		10		11	12		
13				14			
	15			16	17		
18		19	20			21	
23	24	25			26	27	
28			29	30			
31		32	33			34	
35			36				
37		38		39			

CLUES DOWN

1 Plant. 2 Colour. 3 Gem. 4 Great pleasure. 5 Inferior. 6 Obliging. 7 Projecting window. 8 So far. 10 Writing point. 12 Gradually went. 16 Game. 18 Vain man. 20 Dutch province. 21 Sort of beer. 22 Old vehicle. 24 Sphere of action. 25 Of place. 26 Sure defence. 27 Bashed. 30 Age. 31 Bathe. 32 Tree. 34 Drink.

BIRD SCAMPS
OVERURNS H
TYPE PAT CO
TAKEN POD
LARDER MIND
EFT R BEEFY
F CROAT R
TALLY RAKED
OBOE BOLERO
FLOATED PET
FENT GARISH

set his horses off at a gallop. All at once he stopped.

"What is the matter?" asked John, putting his head out of the coach window.

"Oh! my masters," cried the coachman, "it is—"

Terror choked the voice of the honest fellow.

"Well, say what you have to say!" urged the Grand Pensionary.

"The gate is closed, that's what it is."

"How is this? It is not usual to close the gate by day."

"Just look!"

John De Witte leaned out of the window, and indeed saw that the man was right.

"Never mind, but drive on," said John; "I have with me the order for the commutation of the punishment; the gatekeeper will let us through."

The carriage moved along, but it was evident that the driver was no longer urging his horses with the same degree of confidence.

Moreover, as John De Witte put his head out of the carriage window, he was seen and recognised by a brewer, who, being behind his companions, was just shutting his door in all haste to join them at the Buitenhof. He uttered a cry of surprise, and ran after the two other men before him, whom he overtook about a hundred yards further on, and told them what he had seen. The three men then stopped, not yet quite sure as to whom it contained.

The carriage, in the meanwhile, arrived at the Tol-Hek.

"Open!" cried the coachman.

"Open!" echoed the gatekeeper from the threshold of his lodge; "It's all very well to say open, but what am I to do it with?"

"With the key, to be sure!" said the coachman.

"With the key! Oh, yes!

But if you have not got it?"

"How is that? Have not you got the key?" asked the coachman.

"No, I haven't."

"What has become of it?"

"Well, they have taken it from me."

"Who?"

"Someone, I dare say, who had a mind that no one should leave the town."

"My good man," said the Grand Pensionary, putting out his head from the window and risking all for gaining all, "my good man, it is for me, John De Witte, and for my brother Cornelius, whom I am taking away into exile."

"Oh! Myneher De Witte, I am indeed very much grieved," said the gatekeeper, rushing towards the carriage, "but upon my sacred word, the key has been taken from me."

"When?"

"This morning."

"By whom?"

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. A flawn is a piece of fine linen, dance, pancake, small deer, carpenter's plane, bird, flower?

2. Who wrote (a) Tricks of the Trade, (b) Tales of the Trade?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Ultramarine, Indigo, Turquoise, Sapphire, Madder, Cobalt?

4. What great classical composer was a negro?

5. Why are the Scots Greys so called?

6. What is the difference between (a) a spinet, and (b) a spinnet?

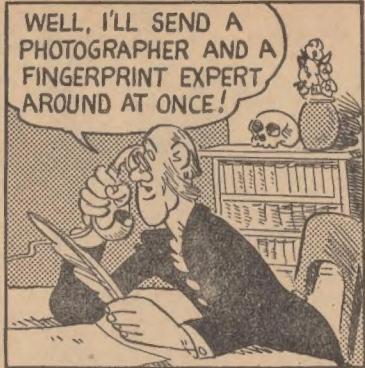
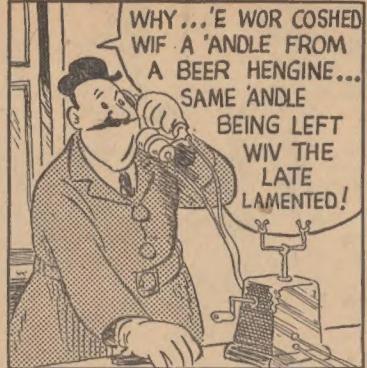
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Inventory, Invincible, Invincible, Invariable, Involve, Invincible?

8. Of what nationality were the first people to play lacrosse?

9. Where are (a) Middlesborough, (b) Middlesbrough?

10.

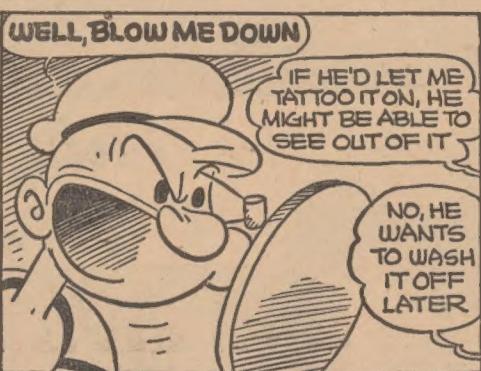
DEELEDUD JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

THE calibre of the local councillor matters enormously to the country, and the country (at the moment) takes little interest in the subject. Despite this indifference, municipal expenditure approximates to eight hundred millions a year. There is no glamour in it, and glamour, thanks to the cinema, is the thing which the public is mainly interested in in its spare time, if it isn't watching a football match, or digging a garden, or sitting in the local pub. If the post-war world is to be different and better, it will depend largely on the efficiency or otherwise of the country's local authorities. If Dilly and Dally continue to be enthroned, if fossilised and prehistoric councillors and aldermen are allowed to conduct municipal affairs, the new world simply won't be built.

Alderman Norman Tiptoft.

EIRE AND THE WAR (1).

SINCE September, 1939, upwards of 170,000 Irishmen and Irishwomen have been able to come to this country, where they are now hard at work for Britain. No difficulty or hindrance was placed in Eire in the way of those who wished to join the British Army. The large number of Irish who thus volunteered represents a considerable proportion of Eire's population—especially in the military age group—and a good many of these volunteers have outstanding achievements to their credit. The total value of Eire foodstuffs sent during the war to Britain is no less than £45,000,000 more than Eire received from this country. . . . No Allied ships have been lost carrying cargoes to Ireland. Almost everything Eire gets from across the Atlantic is carried in her own ships, which are out of any convoy.

J. W. Dulanty (High Commissioner for Ireland).

EIRE AND THE WAR (2).

IT is time someone endeavoured to cure this national disease of Ireland which was described so naively (in a letter which said in effect) . . . although two and two make four elsewhere in the world, they make anything one fancies in Eire. . . . Eirean propagandists are the most skilful and the most unscrupulous in the world.

St. John Ervine.

JAZZ.

A DISTINCTION should be made between jazz in the true sense of the word and emasculated jazz in the form of commercial dance music with its attendant crooners. The difference is as distinct to a true jazz enthusiast as that between jazz and classical music. Usually the critical jazz enthusiast also appreciates classical music.

G. C. Parry.

OPERA IN BRITAIN.

OPERA, a hybrid art at the best, was semi-bankrupt before the war, and those who think it will have any glamorous spell after it are uncommonly sanguine. Opera in Britain, whatever it may be elsewhere, is an exotic plant. "Fashion" alone has kept it so long on its tottering legs.

George Kettle.



"This is my favourite pin-up boy."

"Remind me to show you my favourite pin-up crew some time, darling!"

Good Morning

"They let ME relax,
anyway!"

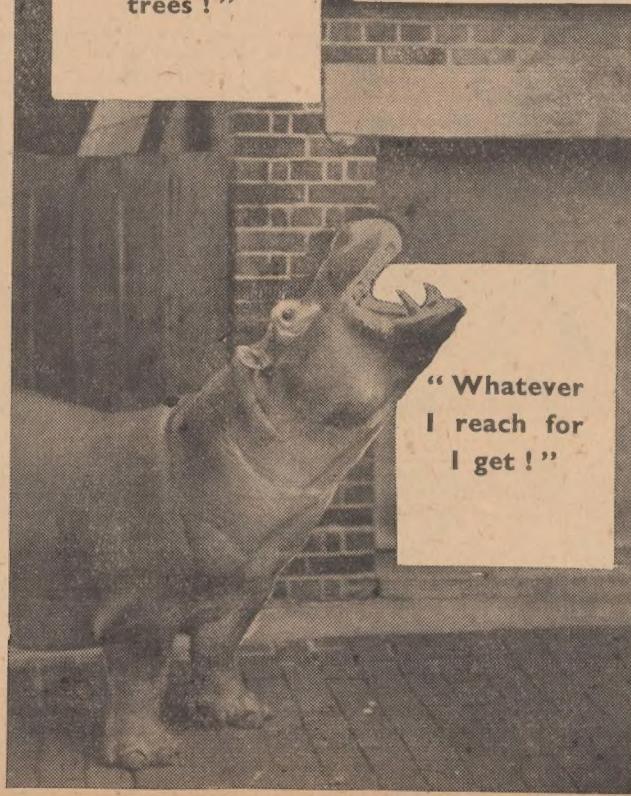


She has a beautiful expression. An impromptu snap on the South Coast.



This England

And here's a place to relax in — Old Warden, Beds.



"I know I've got a dirty face, but why did they take my pants away?"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

